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TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1897.

SALMAGUNDI.

The last poem of Rudyard Kipling copied into The Messenger days ago and entitled "Recessional" has made a great impression in England, and is widely copied in this country. It appeared about a fortnight or three weeks ago, and has rapidly passed over the English speaking world. It is a real achievement and has added a fresh leaf to his laurel crown. He is a poet of mark much beyond what the world expected when he published his remarkable Barrack Room Ballads. It did not anticipate in the singer of songs of soldier inspiration that it had a genius who would rapidly rival Swinburne and lead all other poets. His "Seven Seas" and this last inspiration, the "Recessional" of the recent splendid Victorian jubilee, have so drawn the eyes of men that even his marvellous stories has failed to do. The London Spectator writes in appreciation of the jubilee poem and says that "he has touched the heart of the nation deeply and touched it to deep issues. His poem has moved his fellow-countrymen, not by any subtle dose of imperial flattery, or by any sugared draught of adulation, but by the simplest, the sternest, and the most direct appeal which men are capable of feeling. Mr. Kipling's new verses speak almost solely to the religious sentiment of the nation. If that sentiment did not exist and exist passionately-i. e., as a living, moving thing-his poem would be passed by as simply incomprehensible. It is here, indeed, that Mr. Kipling's genius is visible. He realized that if the nation's heart was to be moved to the full, it could only be on the religious side-we keep at least this much of the old Puritan spirit. But to know that alone was not enough. The poet might have the insight required to see that the nation could only be adequately touched by the religious appeal, and yet be unable to make that appeal. Mr. Kipling has not failed in this. Whether the religious spirit belongs to him always we do not know, and have, of course, no right to inquire. His jubilee poems, however, like several of his other poems, show that he can and does often receive the religious element in that afflatus which belongs to the

Some time ago-a year or so-we wrote of a reaction favorable to a neglected poet and an underated poet in the last thirty or forty years-Lord Byron. Up to 1850, scarcely any poet using the English language was read so much and known so well. Perhaps Scott was the only poet who rivalled him in popularity. They both had a very animated style and their poems were highly romantic. Wordsworth was read by the contemplative school. Shelley nor Keats had reached their full form, such as attend their names now, although long dead-for two decades or more-and Tennyson had just begun to be weighed wisely by men of penetration and true taste like Poe and a few other gifted men. Browning had as yet made but little impression by his rugged, obscure but dramatic verse. For forty years perhaps a steady under-valuation of Byron has been the vogue, the plan. English critics, with the rare exceptions of some of the best, ceased to give the splendid son of song his high meed of praise, and he fell into neglect among the cultured. Having learned to appreciate his great powers in the forties and fifties we never shared with the sneerers and detractors of the Swinburne class. He is not only a genius but a poet of magnificent eloquence, force and beauty. Very rare gems can be selected from his large poetic remains. Many varied and rich specimens of poetic inspiration and melody can be found scattered over his manifold productions. The greatest poet of Germany, Goethe, as did the greatest novelist and creative genius of Great Britain since Shakespeare, Scott, vastly admired Byron. Genius is immortal. What attracted, pleased, enthralled those masterly men, and many others, still lives, and it only needs to have minds to discover and to appreciate, as did the great men of the past, to appraise rightly once more the poetic splendor and wealth of the Byronic Muse. Shelley had acknowledged richness and fullness of poetic endowment. His fame has steadily grown since the day he was so unfortunately drowned, when only some thirty-one years of age. Few modern poets today rank with him in the judgment of the sanest and most approved criticism. He had the beautiful in high development. He wrote much that was pantheistic and. therefore, unchristian, but he wrote with rarest inspiration and left the reading bitterly, with cursing and reproaches, world great treasures, to use Chaucer's felicitous line, "fulfilled of largesse and prayers. Open you Bibles at this wise of all grace." We met with lately a Epistle, at the fifth chapter, beginning saving health unto all nations. If we

noted man of letters, who is, we believe, professor of English literature in Dublin university. At any rate he is a noted critic. We wish we had more of what he said of Byron and Shelley in contrast. He evidently had a high opinion of Byron or he would never have put him in connection with such an imperial poet as Shelley to emphasize differences in their gifts. Here is the little passage from him:

"In Byron we find an expression of the revolution on its negative side, · in Shelley an expression of · · its positive side. As the wave of revolution rolls onward, driven forth from the vast volcanic upheaval in France, and as it becomes a portion of the literary movement of Great Britain, its dark and hissing crest may be the poetry of Byron; but over the tumultuous wave hangs an iris of beauty and promise, and ever reappearing as the wave sweeps on, is the poetry of

We are persuaded that about the worst habit that one can form, next to reading the "yellow newspapers" and the lower class of pictorials is novel reading. We mean a habit so formed as to disqualify for serious reading When a person has got to that pass that his taste rises no higher than the lowest, flashiest stories and newspapers trash, he is probably worse off than if he did not read any thing. Reading nothing he would not imbibe the poisons. Promiscuous novel reading depraves the taste, vitiates the mind, debauches the appetite. To read now and then a really superior novel, a work of art and of genius, a story of life, but without the impurities, the filth, the garbage, the cesspool deliverance, is pleasant, refreshing, stimulating. But no one should read many novels in a year, and no one reading novels should fail to read also the highest poetry, biography and history, and also the best essays in our language. Devouring the novels of the day without discrimnation and judgment is a perilous waste of time and is sure to leave stains upon the mind that time will not remove. A vicious appetite once formed will be quite apt to stay with you to the last of life. Make it a point to read every day some masterpoet. The more you read and understand of Shakespeare the greater will be your intellectual enjoyment and wonder. He is very easily, transparently the greatest of all poets. He is really greater in himself than any half dozen of the greatest poets. This will not be admitted save by those who have studied the immortal dramatist very constnatly, very closely, very understandingly. Read a paper in the last Atlantic Monthly in criminal study (title not remembered) and you will see how much better Shakespeare understood that class, as he did everything else, than other poets who have written of insanity. He was simply marvellous, the world's prodigy, "oceanic," the "myriad-minded," as Coleridge called him. Our advise is to read the best books, of all kinds, novels included. Do not read a novel because it is new, the fashion for a day or week, the book talked of among people who do not love and cultivate good literature. Do not waste prescious hours over third-rate books while the shelves are loaded with the world's masterpieces from the intellects of

"The dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule Our spirits from their urns."

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY.

Let me be strong in word and deeds Just for today: Lord! for tomorrow and its needs I must not pray.

-Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. The great English poet, Tennyson,

sang perhaps forty years ago of-"Strong Son of God, immortal Love.

He also like a true and wise Christian lyrist in exaltation of spirit said-"Our wills are ours to make them

There is a great deal of theology in

those most memorable lines.

A very valuable work by Professor Hommell, of the University of Munich upon primitive Biblical history and pre-Mosaic times, has been published by the Society of Promoting Christian Knowledge, in London. He has charge of semitic languages in the university and is reputed both learned and able according to the high German standard, so much higher than the one prevailing in this land of easy learning and cheap reputations, where a mere smattering passes for marked acquisition and ready speech passes for oratory. Dr. Hommell's book must be regarded as important or it would hardly be selected from so many learned works to be published by the famous London society. He controverts vigorously the modern distinctive school of Old Testament criticism. There is a manifest reaction going on among profound scholars and thinkers against the school of sappers and miners.

We have been long impressed with the excellency and value of the Epistle of the Apostle James. There is so much good advice and warning in it. It is because of this that from time to time we have tried to briefly discourse upon several verses at a time, drawing from them those encouragements and perils that are so conspicuous and so largely enforced. We propose to conclude what we have to say of the General Epistle by dwelling for a short while upon the way to use the tongue profitably, not deceitfully or and to exhibit the effect to mutual paragraph from Professor Dowden, a at the 12th verse, and closing with the would "save a soul from death" let us

last verse of the letter. The divine writer has had much tosay in preceding verses as to the tongue. He here shows how to use it discreetly and safely. He begin: "But above all things, my brethren, swear not." Examine this. "But above all things." How great the sin must be to be rebuked and forbidden with a sweeping declaration. It must be a most wanton, wicked, awful sin to be thus rebuked. "Above all things." Nothing can be worse or more offensive, or more of the devil. Do not swear, do not curse, do not transgress God's law and offend thus the Divine Majesty. Do not swear by any oath of any kind, "neither by Heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath." Avoid such profanity, such vain babblings, such Litter practice as swearing. Do not thus offend, for it is a plain, sure, unmistakable device of the great enemy of souls. The author says-"But let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation." Take heed to these words. Let your tongue be well controlled, your words be words of discretion and truth, lest you offend the God of Heaven and be exposed to that punishment that follows transgression. This is the very best of advice. But while it is wrong and sinful and perilous to provoke Heaven by a profane and foolish use of the tongue, there is a wise, a blessed way in which it may be employed with great advantage and assured blessing-in holy exercises of religion-in the worship of Jehovah, in offering the incense of prayer and supplication as well as in praise. In the 13th verse St. James tells us to pray when there is affliction and to sing psalms when the heart is merry. Do not swear, do not take God's holy name in vain, when afflictions and sorrows and suffering come. Do not do that heineous, offensive thing, but pray to God and when you have joy and gladness in the soul make melody, sing psalms to God's glory. He gives directions as to praying for the sick, but we do not dwell here. We come to another direction-the confessing of our sins one to another. He says we must "confess our faults one to another, and pray one for another." This is good and wholesome. We need each other's help, we need the prayers of good men and women. How the great Paul solicited the prayers of his brethren. Let us "pray one for another" believing in God's power and willingness to bless, believing in the efficacy of sincere prayer offered for one another in the name of the Lord. Let us pray in the full assurance of prayer-in its power to bring down Heaven's benedictions, in securing that help we need so much in every time of need. St. James wrote more than eighteen hundred years ago that "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Mark the words, the condition of availability-effectual, fervent, righteous. It was true when he penned it; it is just as true now in this end of the nineteenth century. God hears and answers prayer today as wllingly, as gladly, as surely as he did in the first century after Christ. The declaration, the promise given should be wings to prayer, exciting holy ardors and earnest petition and a lively faith. It ought to give speed to the Christian's thought and energy to the earnest petition for help and all round us. and blessing. It ought to give freedom in supplication and make the appeal to Heaven freighted with a glorious hope and expectancy. This promise given of certitude, of efficiency, should impel us to confidence when we pray for one another, in confessing our own faults to each other. Let us not hope to justify ourselves or one another. Let us not conceal our faults from the brethren or cloak them or dissemble before Almighty God. How vain, how futile this course. We ought to be earnestly desirous to be prayed for by our brethren in the Lord, God's faithful ones. We ought in turn to pray most sincerely, most ardently, most heartily for them. "Pray one for another."St. James shows how Elijah succeeded in the matter of rain by his earnest prayers. From this he draws a lesson for our encouragement and joy. We are taught first how much good and power come from true, earnest, effectual prayer. God answered Elijah. He prayed for a drought for six months, and it was answered. He prayed again for rain and it came, "and the earth brought forth her fruit." We may hope to do good by praying if we "pray in faith, nothing doubting." We may be very useful in helping others on to salvation and by ing up dark red sand, in others white our prayers. Says the divine writer-"Let him know, that he which vonverteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death." What a promise! In that precious promise is wrapt up the salvation of many an immortal soul. By edifying words from a warm, sympathetic, humble believing heart Heaven's throne may be reached in behalf of a sinner on the way to eternal death and shall thus "hide a multitude of sins." By prayer we win Heaven's favor and greatly influence the life and destiny of the souls of men around us. See what the tongue rightly, wisely, religiously, prayerfully used can accomplish under the benignant smiles of our gracious, placable, loving Heavenly Father. Prayer shall "convert a sinner from the error of

his way" and "shall save a soul from

death." That is the promise given. Do

you believe it? Then pray with all your

heart, pray with all faith and heart

and fervor that the promise may be

verified, that God's glory may come

down in exceeding power, that He may

make known His ways upon earth, His

pray fervently and trustingly to God to hear and to bless. Let us try to live for something. Let us pray for one another, let us strive to help the brethren, let us strengthen the weak and above all pray for the salvation of the lost. God will hear the prayers of His people, will fulfill His promises to save the souls of those prayed for, and will bless those seeking and praying for others. We should be very humble, very trusting, very grateful when in giving thanks to our Heavenly Father, we should give thanks to Him that He has counted us worthy of helping any perishing soul in pointing it to the Lamb of God that taketh away sin and leading it in the way of salvation. It is indeed a wondrous work to be instrumental in "saving a soul from death." Any one so blessed should rejoice in the good work and be profoundly thankful and humble for the honor conferred and the blessing vouchsafed. May God teach us how to pray in faith, how to abound, how to be useful to others, and may He give us grace for ourselves.

The Earthquake in India

The following account of the earthquake has just been received in England, says the London Times, from a lady living on a tea garden in Assam. It draws a graphic picture of the devastation caused and of the sensation of those who experienced shocks. The account is in

series of letters: Sunday, June 13 .- It was a perfectly aw 'ul earthquake, like one reads of in Japan. was ill in bed and was just getting to the veranda, when C. rushed in and carried me out bodily clear from the bungalow. It was raining, and was between and 6 o'clock p. m. The bungalow swayed violently backwards and forwards like ship in a bad storm. The noise was awful, loud rumbling like violent thunder breaking under one's feet, cracking and splitting of walls, crashing of furniture and glass-an awful pandemonium. The ground was going in huge waves. I do not know how C. managed to keep his feet (but he did) holding me. The bungalow is standing, and the other buildings, but the wreckage is dreadful, the walls stripped, and debris everywhere. Mild tremors are still going on, and we are ready to rush out at any moment. It was a ghastly night, but we lay in our beds with shoes on ready to bolt out, and started several times. I don't think it will be as bad again, though it may take the earth a day or two to settle down quietly. There are rents in the road in several

got my Sunday's letter all right, but all communications are much upset and telegraph cannot be used, so we are very cut off. There has never been such an earthquake in Assam before, but we are ver anxious to know what has happened in other districts, whether Shillong is in ruins and whether Calcutta has had it In this district nearly every building made of brick is down flat, and those that have stood are, like our bungalow, wooden posts with grass walls. Of course, these have no lath and plaster left on, but the

main building exists

It came on so suddenly. I, of course being ill, was in bed, my slippers on the floor beside me, as they are almost my first thought in this country of insects and snakes. C. was in his office. I felt : slight shock and rumble (such as one gets a few of every year), and throwing off my blanket proceeded to get into my slippers. I had got one on when the shaking was so violent I dare not wait, and catch ing up the other I started to the door and, being weak, in my hurry I fell flat down, or the earthquake shook me down do not know which, probably both (Here is another shock, but it has passed off again, and I only got one foot off the bed, though things are still shaking.) scrambled up again just as C. came rush ing in. He swooped me up in his arm: and dashed across the veranda with me on to the lawn in front; only just in time as the plaster was falling in all direc tions. It was raining. I was in my nightgown, he in his shirt-sleeves, and there we were watching the bungalow swinging wildly from side to side, every moment expecting to see it totally collapse. (Here is another little shock.) It was an awful sight, and the noise was terrific, like batteries of artillery bursting under our feet

It is quite impossible to adequately de scribe it. It seemed an immense time, but actually, I believe, lasted anything from two to five minutes-I mean while it was really awful. When it did stop (comparatively speaking) C. carried me back to the porch and covered me up with blank ets. The servants behaved very well, and while we were on the veranda and everything still shaking (including the earth) they all set to work to clear my room of the worst debris. The house presented a dismal spectacle, and still does. The furniture was lying about in all directions, as though pitch and toss had been played with it: boxes had turned somersaults and knick-knacks were lying in all directions mixed up with piles of plaster from the walls. These are almost bare hardly a picture remains. There was not much sleep for any one that night, naturally, and all the coolies were so terrified that they would neither eat nor sleep, but sat in groups all night in the open. Fortunately it had stopped raining, and was a fine, warm night. The shocks were slighter yesterday morning, but worse again at midday, so that I was afraid to stay in my room, and twice at breakfast on the veranda we all started up to run

out, but it passed off again, and in the evening I went back to my room. The doctor came over to see us, walking fourteen miles. The road was quite impassable for any pony, the bridges in some cases having collapsed, in others having been left standing many feet above the surface of the earth, this having sub sided in various parts, while gaps were constant, sometimes large enough to swallow up a cart and horse, and from several of these wells of boiling water were springing. The doctor says it was quite impossible to count the number of small volcanoes which had appeared all over the surface of the country he came through, that is to say, upon the rice ashes. He swam the rivers, waded through fields of water, helping himself along with bridgerails and any floating substance he could get, fearing to go into any of these horrible gaps by a false step (Another smart shock; passed away.) He had two men with him, and one fell into one of these fissures, but, fortunately, it was a small one, and the doctor pulled

Our tea house and other buildings are a good deal injured, but not enough to prevent us going on working, so we are very fortunate in that respect.

The bungalow looks most desolate. It is useless to attempt to have the rooms put in order, as the walls will take months to do. The furniture, all dreadfully knocked about, is piled on the veranda just now, which looks like a third-hand shop. Nearly all our beautiful china has gone ut one favorite tea service has only one tea cup smashed, though it was all lying in a heap in the corner of the room, but the beautiful old set just out from home is all gone. It is a most depressing spectacle whichever way one looks. We are very anxious to get news.

A Unique Sign

In the line of novelties of advertising there is one Chicago druggist whose departure would be hard to discount. This gentleman, whose place of business is in Hyde Park district, announces that he has a choice line of blueblooded Angora cats. His business cards bear a picture of an artistocraticlooking tabby in one corner, and after the address are the words, "Drug store and cattery."-American Druggist.

ECHOES OF THE TOURNAMENT.

South carelina Sprinters-"speed the Part ing Guests"-Theatrical and Terpsiche-

(Correspondence of The Messenger.)

Fayetteville, August 7. "Gentlemen," said Mayor Cook, in his graceful greeting to the visitors last Tuesday, "the town is yours-take it!" And that's what they did. But they were genial captors, conquerors whose rule was noisy but benign. Such little ebullitions of humor as charging the night police, imprisoning them in quarters, and ringing the market bell, were only the dulces irae Amaryllidis; and the hideous street serenade to the tune of "Mary had a Little Lamb," was simply "pretty Fanny's way." It was a big crowd of gallant, warmhearted fellows, representing every section of a state dear to us all, whose

their future happiness. The races were finished upon Rowan street yesterday morning, and the South Carolina "sprinters" carried off the prize.

Chief James D. McNeill took upon

visit gave us a world of pleasure, and

who depart with our best wishes for

himself a herculean task in carrying this annual convention and tournament to its conclusion, and he accomplished it with shining success and enduring honor to himself. The great crowd was handled with matchless skill, and all the details of each day's programme were met and provided for. Such men as Major E. L. Pemberton, chief marshal, and his assistants, and Major A. A. McKethan an old fireman an prominent politician and business man, were invaluable coadjutors. The meeting of the association here has been of great benefit to our own fire department, and the community's verdict is that it was well worth the labor and expense, while we have for clear profit the pleasure of entertaining our friends and fellow-citizens of North and South

Carolina. "David The Shepherd Boy" was performed in the opera house on Thursday evening; and, while the elaborate character of the entertainment and the large number composing the dramatis personae will not permit a full notice, the rare merit of the play deserves commendatory mention. It is very similar in plot and stage setting to "Jepthah." but finer in music and more effective in tableaux. Miss Roberts, of Vermost, as Abigail was delightful; her very fine voice has had superb training, and her stage presence is especially winning. Miss singing, took the whole audience captive. She is a very beautiful girl, and her charm, reinforcing her histrionic talent, made her debut a triumph.

Mr. Woodmansee, as David, had full scope for the fine talent with which he is gifted. To a voice of rare sweetness and compass, he adds the protean faculty, almost unknown to amateurs, of changing and adapting his make-up to the time and occasion. There is in him abundant material for fine work on the stage. Mr. Blount, as Saul, almost surpassed his rendition of "Jephthah;" Miss Georgia Worth and Miss Belle Alderman, attendants of the queen; Major Pemberton, Dr. Betts, Mr. A. B. Alexander, Mr. B. C. Gorham, and others whom it is impossible to enumerate here, well sustained their

The ball in the armory last night despite very bad weather, was very pleasant, over forty couple joining in the dance.

The community has to mourn a very sad death this morning-that of Mrs. F. W. Thornton, a young wife in the bloom of her womanhood and beauty.

The Problem of New England Civilization There is a lesson for our New England communities in the career of Jack O'Neil, the Shelburne Falls hoodlum and ne'er-dowell. O'Niel was what the specialists woudld describe as a true degenerate. He was an idle, worthless, drunken, penniless fellow, hanging around the entrances to the village dramshops (of which Shelburne Falls plainly has too many sponging his food and lodging out of his mother, a hardworking washerwoman and as sure to develop into a criminal as darkness is to succeed daylight. Be cause he had never committed a burglary or a murder his presence was tolerated by the good people of the town, yet, as the event proved, they might as well have permitted a ravenous wild beast to be at large in Shelburne Falls as to have a lowed Jack O'Nell to remain there. The moral laxity and failure of the community in which such a criminal was produced should draw attention. The evidence at the trial in Greenfield showed that O'Neil was only one of a gang of youthful "bums" and hoodlums who are tolerated in Shelburne Falls, and whose ill-gott a gains furnish considerable support for a lot of cheap and nasty dramshops which disgrace the place. How many other New England villages present the same conditions? A good many, to our certain knowledge. Thus close to th church and the school-house are all the conditions which produce thieves, ravish ers, and murderers. The time for th state to seize hold of such creatures as O'Neil is before they commit their crimes not afterward. The problem of New England civilization today is to find out how to suppress and abolish the youth ful drunkard and hoodlum before he has committed actual crime.-Hartford (Conn)

The Astonishing Eccentricity of Jersey Lawyer

Almost any degree of eccentricity is taken as a matter of course when displayed by a resident of Jersey City and long ag) most of them lost the power of causing surprise in other people. James A. Gordon, however, has man aged to do something so grotesquely abnormal that even New York gasps with astonishment at him. Having in his capacity as a lawyer settled up a little \$1,200 estate, the court awarded him \$200 as fair compensation for his services. Mr. Gordon protested that the allowance was too great, and said he would be content with half of it! Our advices do not state whether the judge has taken steps toward having Mr. Gordon canonized, or whether he committed him to the insane asylum. but it is evident that one or the other of these measures must be carried out, Even in Jersey the legal profession cannot continue to include among its representatives a man so utterly regardless of its fundamental principles. -New York Times.

CASTORIA. CASTORIA. CASTORIA The facTOXINE FOR LOCKJAW.

Interesting Experiment Being Tried in Washi ngton.

The usual operation of injecting toxine into a patient for the cure of tetanus, or lockjaw, was tried at the Emergency hospital yesterday, and the indications are that the operation will be successful. Several days ago William Curtis, a colored driver, who lives with his family at 2208 H. street nothwest, stepped on a nail, which penetrated his foot between the heel and the instep. The wound was extremely painful, but no attentin was paid to it at the time beyond putting lime healing lotion on it. Recently, however, symtons of tetanus appeared, and grew more marked up to yesterday, when the muscles of his face, neck and chest became rigid.

He was taken to the Emergency hospital and the operation decided upon. He was placed on the operation table and a portion of the toxine injected into his left side. The operation was not painful, and after it was over hew as removed to a ward. He was unable to swallow any but liquid food and talked through his teeth with the greatest difficulty. The case will be watched with the greatest interest by medical men, as it is so unusal. The toxine has proven of great value in diptheria cases, and it is thought that it will prove efficacious in the present

An Indian Ghost Story

Two decades before to the east of Sin duriapati, Calcutta, there stood a three-storied house in Ram Mohun Shaha's Lane. This house was dismantled a few years ago, but the two central figures in the story are still living. These gentlemen, Nitai Babu and Tulsi Babu, were then two young men, strong and brave. One noon, in summer, they were proceeding to the house of a friend in Ram Mohun Shaha's Lane. As they passed the threestoried house they saw a young lady of sixteen standing at the half-opened street door and were surprised to find her beckoning them to approach. The two friends, curious to know something more of the woman and why

she invited them, entered the house, They met no one as they passed across the courtyard, with a thick layer of dust, of a flight of steps, the woman showing them the way. In a verand on the first floor they found an old man lying on a mat, his eyes closed in Ellen Underwood, by her acting and sleep. They approached and called him. It was after considerable difficuty that they could rouse the old man, who, however, opened his eyes for a moment only, and then slept as before. The two friends then followed the woman to the second floor, and here they found an old lady sleeping in the veranda. Here, too, they tried to wake her up: but, as in the case of the man, she only opened her eyes once and

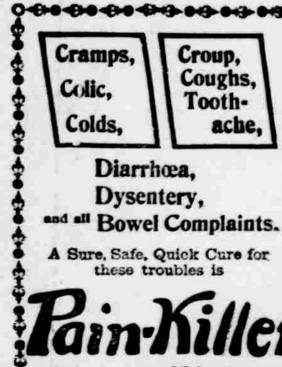
then closed them again. Babus Natai and Tulsi now saw the woman enter a room and they followed her into it. The apartment was well furnished. A rich bedstead stood on one side with a milkwhite and invitingly soft bed thereon. There was also silverplated hukas, betel utensils, and fire in a pan. They were rather surprised, and asked their young conductress who she was and why she had called them. But she did not answer. They asked to order her servants, if she had any, to prepare a chillum; still she spoke not a word, but remained standing by the side of

the khat. Nitai Babu grew impatient at this want of courtesy or frankness, and rose from the farash on which the were sitting to catch hold of her. The woman thereupon began going round and round the bedstead, followed by Nital. Her speed gradually increased: at last suddenly she dashed toward the door and made off.

The two friends became really alarmed this time. Fearing consequence of their imprudent trespass, they too issued out of the room after the woman. Now they did not meet, however, either the old woman or the old man, and this circumstance added to their terror. When they reached the first floor the woman who had led them on this wild goose chase vanished suddenly from view. They hastened downstairs, and, as they were crossing the yard, a peal of laughter induced them to look up. To their horror and surprise they found the young woman standing on the veranda of the second floor and laughing immoderately. As their eyes met she took the pan of fire before referred to and threw it down. The sparks touched the ground and at once there shot up tongues of fire which reached the second floor, This incident only demoralized them the more, and they rushed toward the front door, where they found the man of the first floor. They put so eral questions to him, but receiving no answer they ae last ran out of the house and reached that of their friend breathless and perspiring.

On telling the latter of their adventures, very great was their surprise to learn that the three persons they had met in the three-storied house were all denizens of another world, they havingd ied some time previously of cholera within a day or two of one another. The old couple were parents of the young woman who had decoyed them into the house.-The Pantha

In Georgia, at least, the "nigger" has eft "the woodpile" and taken to the of-



It is the trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter. Sailor, and in fact all classes. Used internally or externally.

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